

## IN GREATER BONDAGE

BY R. W. STANCIL.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"I was weak, and like millions who have gone before, and myriads who will follow, was borne on the bosom of the maddening current to the whirlpool rapids. In the whirlpool I find myself today with death, disgrace, dishonor, dread, and a dreary future before me. From the lowest depths of humanity I utter a doleful wail and cry for mercy, but the voice of Justice, viewed from your standpoint, is silent, while a thousand human voices cry, 'Let him pay the penalty he so much needs—let him die, the death of a murderer, a drunkard, a ruined and wrecked soul.' So I stand before you and in vain cry for mercy. I shall die, and no man will help me. The law requires me to die and die I must. My case is hopeless, but I now warn you to be ready for that higher court to which I appeal my case. It is not the supreme court of the United States of America to which I appeal, but the court of High Heaven. In this court the Christ, who has all the authority in heaven and on earth will be the judge. The saints and angels will be the jury. Peter, Paul, James, John, Judas, and all of the inspired apostles and evangelists will be the attorneys, and the widows and orphans, criminals, wrecked homes, blasted lives, lost souls, poverty stricken, disgraced, dishonored, ruined, unfortunate humanity will rise up before you and demand justice. Your own lives will be the witnesses for or against you. Every vote you cast, every influence you exert either for or against the damning, blighting, blasting, corrupting whisky traffic will testify in your favor, or against you.

"You, gentlemen and fellow citizens are responsible for your votes. Your influence, your sentiments, your opinions, and before and impartial and just judge your case will be tried. This life does not end all, and I am glad it does not. Earthly courts often err, but this court, before which I shall have another trial, and before whom you, too, shall be tried, never errs. Man may not get justice here, but he will there. My death doesn't fight the wrong, restore the lost nor give justice to the innocent who suffer from the effects of the damning whisky traffic.

"If the distilleries, breweries, saloons and the making, buying and selling of strong drink could not be without your consent, then you, who hold the balance of power, are responsible for the greatest of all evils—the deadly whisky traffic. If Mr. A. can't distill whisky without the consent of Mr. B., then Mr. B. is as much responsible for the existence of the distillery as is Mr. A. if not a little more so. If Mr. C. can't sell whisky or open a saloon without the consent of Mr. D., then Mr. D. is as much responsible for the saloon as is Mr. C. If the whisky traffic is the worst of all evils, if the licensed saloon is the hot bed of vice, crime, lust and a thousand other evils—and who dare deny it—they those who gave them consent for the mother and breeder of evil is as guilty as are those who engage in the diabolical business.

"You may not agree with me now, gentlemen and fellow citizens, and may call me a fool and fanatic for so stating today, but mark what I say, and when you stand before the last Judge to be tried for your votes, your influence, your sentiments, your opinions, your power and your deeds here remember my words to you today. This is not the last act of a terrible tragedy, nor the last scene on the stage. My death upon the gallows will not be the last. In this court only and was broken; that will fall in the higher and all-ground court to come. Think powder. No man or nation can

you that you can escape? Jesus says, 'It must be that occasion of stumbling cometh, but woe unto that man by whom they offend. If were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that lie were drowned in the depths of the sea, than that he should cause one of my little ones to stumble.' I was one of the little ones—the weak, and you who voted for the whisky traffic, the distillery, the brewery and the saloon, placed a stumbling block in your weak brother's way. Paul says, 'Those who are strong should bear the infirmities of the weak.' I was weak and you were strong, yet you needed not the apostle's admonition. Instead of helping me, you made it harder for me to do right. You placed before me a temptation which I, in my weakness, did not resist, and when you saw me stumble, instead of coming to my rescue, you made it easier for me to stumble, giving your consent for the existence of the saloon. When you saw I was weak and knew the cause of my weakness, you should have tried to remove the cause. This you did not do, was your brother and you my keeper. From the beginning, God ordained that the strong should help the weak. Every child who enters this world has some strong one to aid it if it dies. The home, the mother's influence and watchful care are essential to the growth, development and prosperity of her weak and helpless infant. What the home is to the helpless child the church should be to the babes of Christ. I was a member of the church, the lodge, the club and also of society, and before the eyes of all I stumbled. I fell and not one of you raised your little finger to reclaim me or remove the stumbling block from under my misguided feet, but instead added stone by stone until you saw my ruin was inevitable.

"My wife visited every saloon in Richmond and begged them not to sell the poison drug. My sweet girl, Eliza, walked the streets dressed in rags and pleaded with the citizens of your city of churches and schools to come to her mother's aid, and help save her father from a drunkard's grave and criminal's hell. The great army of noble Christian women all over this fair land appealed to you to stop this threatening tide upon which I, with a million others, was being swept down toward the rapids, yet you needed not. My poor, ragged, half-starved children, my heart-broken wife, the shanty in which I lived, as well as the beautiful home I lost, all cried for vengeance. The saloon keeper, whom you protected, robbed me of my home, took advantage of me when I was helpless, and deprived me of my rights, and no one said to him, 'Nay.' You sat still and saw me and my family swept by the rising, swelling, rushing tide and raised not your hand to rescue us.

"Down the ages past and gone there comes ringing a voice from one of Jehovah's prophets—a terrible, sweeping, heart-searching voice—and when the next scene in this terrible tragedy shall have been revealed, and you in company with the mighty host of saloon keepers, distillers and brewers shall stand before God's tribunal, that voice—'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips,' will ring loud and clear in your ears and help to condemn you. From God on His throne, through His prophet and also through His Son, there is pronounced against you, who have helped, or aided the saloon keeper to put the bottle to thy lips and to cause an occasion of stumbling, a curse. Whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken, but upon whom it shall fall it will grind him to powder. I tell upon it and was broken; that will fall in the higher and all-ground court to come. Think powder. No man or nation can

stand against God's woe. Against the whisky affl in every shape and form there is a woe—a curse from the righteous Judge. The drinker, the seller, the maker and those who, by their votes, consent, sentiment, opinion, influence, example, indifference or power are included in the woe—none need expect to escape. Justice will be meted out to all.

(To be continued.)

## Cash Book Store.

Splendid Selection of

### NEW BOOKS

### STATIONERY

### NOTIONS &

Call and see our Stock. Every thing up to date.

MARY BERENDES & Co.

## COAL

\$2.50 to \$5.00 per ton.

Delivered promptly,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton or more for cash. All orders for less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton can be obtained from small wagon that will call daily.

A. A. FARIS JR.

## J.J.C. BONDURANT & Son

Loans,  
Insurance,  
Real Estate.

Office over Ledford & Randle's store,

HICKMAN, KY.

J. W. RONEY,

LAWYER

Hickman, Ky.

Settled cases and divisions

of estates in bat

Office in the Powell Corner.

Wm. S. Crane, of California, md., suffered for years from rheumatism and lumbago. He was finally advised to try Chamberlain's pain balm which he did and it effected a complete cure. For a full account see our classified ads.

J. A. THOMPSON, Cashier.

H. BUCHANAN, President.

DIRECTORS:

H. BUCHANAN, J. J. BONDURANT,

R. H. ISLER, G. V. THRELFELD,

J. W. ALEXANDER, Dr. J. E. WILSON,

T. A. LEDFORD, Commonwealth Co. of Kentucky.

Surplus and Undivided Profits \$20,000.00.

Having great resources, conservative management, and a representative board of Directors, and being equipped with unexcelled facilities for the transaction of all branches of legitimate banking and business.

Bank solicits the accounts of corporations, firms and individuals, promising the utmost liberality of treatment consistent with prudent business methods.

B. T. TYLER, President, C. P. SHUMATE, Cashier.

C. A. HOLCOMBE, Vice President, S. AMBERG, Ass't Cashier.

Telephone, 120. Office over Hickman Bank.

Free Delivery.

The Hickman Grocery and Meat Market.

The same old stand we have been in for years, and where you know you get the best in our line.

Free Delivery.

Dr. S. K. Davidson, Dentist.

HICKMAN, KY.

Attorneys at Law.

Office upstairs over Cowgill & Cowgill's.

Office over Hickman Bank.

## Show your cow how

## Christmas feels,

## Feed her on

## Hulls and Meal

Cotton Seed Meal Per 100 lbs \$1.35  
Cotton Seed Hulls Per 100 lbs .50

## For Sale by

SHOES .00

Ledford & Randle, .00

Ellison Mercantile Co., .00

H. L. Carpenter, .00

F. E. Case, .00

Stahr & Hendrick, .00

Powell & Floyd, .00

Lee Bradley, .00

## Hickman Joint Stock Co.

Capital and Premiums

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS BANK

Clinton Street, Hickman

Absolute Safety is the Basis

That we offer to depositors, other documents are of secondary importance.

Upon this Guarantee we solicit your patronage.

C. H. COOPER, Cashier.

John H. A. Thompson, Ass't Cashier.

John G. Shumate, Ass't Cashier.

John W. Alexander, Ass't Cashier.

John T. Thompson, Ass't Cashier.

John W. Alexander, Ass